

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

No. 4.

VOL. VI.]

New-York....Saturday, November, 21....1807.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE

CAVE OF ST. SIDWELL.

(Continued from page 38.)

ABOUT the middle of the day Reginald returned; Rosa flew to his arms with rapture, and welcomed him a thousand times;—delight sparkled in his eyes: "And are you really glad to see me, Rosa;"—"Can you doubt it my only—my best friend!" was her reply.—"Then I have pleasing tidings to impart," returned he cheerfully; "you shall accompany me to Naples; we will live there in splendour and happiness, my girl! you shall be my wife!" "Wife!" repeated Rosa—"how is that? I do not understand you."—Reginald smiled, "I will explain it to you, my love.—In civilized society it is common for two people of different sexes, who feel the warmest attachment of friendship for each other, to be bound together in the most sacred manner, according to the form of the established religion. When two persons are thus united, the bond is indissoluble but by death; their property and interest become mutual; they are wholly dependent on each other; they live together by day and by night; their

children are lawful, and can inherit their property; and they live happily and respectably in the eyes of the world; neither has the power to make another choice, but must behold every other object with indifference." Reginald paused—some unaccountable emotion choked his utterance, and he anxiously awaited Rosa's answer.—She, too, hesitated: at length—"I think I understand you now," said she, innocently: "all you have told me is very desirable, except the last observation you made. I wish to know how it would be possible to behold every other object with indifference, if they happen to be more agreeable and amiable than the person one happened to be united to!" Reginald started: "So, so!" said he, "is this nature?—" "You do not reply, Sir," cried Rosa.—With some sternness Reginald answered—"By the power of virtue girl! when once a person knows his duty to be sacred, the performance of it becomes easy and practicable." Reginald spoke not from conviction, nor could he convince Rosa, who, nevertheless, fearful of offending him, readily consented to accompany him to Naples. She then related to him, with the utmost candour, what had occurred during her absence: when she mentioned the letters his colleagues

rose, and his agitation was extreme; but when she described the wounded cavalier, and dwelt on his interesting manners, his eyes flashed fire, and Rosa shrunk appalled from his angry glances!—Her terror recalled him to a sense of the impropriety of his conduct: he feared to disgust her, and changing his tone mildly—"I am not angry with you dear Rosa; you have done but what is right; pardon the impetuosity of my feelings, and listen with attention to a recital which, though painful to myself to enter upon, is now fully necessary.—But tell me honestly, Rosa, do not you prefer this handsome stranger to your friend Reginald?"—"What a question!" replied Rosa, blushing: "he has, indeed a most pleasing countenance, and a majestic figure: and then his voice is so soft and so persuasive, that—that—one cannot but admire him!—But, you know, my dear sir, I have loved you so many years, that I can never prefer a stranger to you."—Reginald sighed: "Well, well!" said he: I will not urge you farther on this subject—but it grows late—we will retire for the night—tomorrow will be time enough for my story—at present I am exhausted, both in mind and body." Rosa kissed his hand, and they retired to rest.

On the following day they were visited at an early hour by Arnold: he gave Rosa the most satisfactory assurance that his guest was in a fair way of doing well; and hinted

to her, that his anxiety was great to see and thank once more his fair preserver. Rosa knew not what to reply; but she was spared the trouble by Reginald, who immediately disclosed to Arnold his intention of quitting the cave.—"This night," said he, "you must endeavour to procure us accommodation in the village, as your house is too small to admit of such an increase."—"You are mistaken, Sir," replied Arnold; we can manage tolerably well.—Rosa, I dare say will have no objection to partake of my daughters' bed: Lucius, since the strange gentleman has been among us, has slept with me, and our best bed is still at your service."—"I thank you," replied Reginald; "I prefer your offer to being thrown among strangers, therefore will accept it: tomorrow, if every thing can be properly arranged, we set out for Naples. I consider myself much indebted to you for past services, and will not forget the obligation; I have also many instructions to give you this night—at sun-set you may expect us." Arnold was full of wonder; but he was too much awed by the dignified manner of Reginald to express the least hint of what he thought; he therefore bowed respectfully, and soon after departed. After partaking their usual repast, which no longer was confined to hermit's fare, but consisted of palatable though plain food, and was furnished every day by the assiduous woodman at a moderate expence, Reginald drew

his seat nearer to Rosa, and taking her hand fondly between his own, endeavoured to impress her mind with a sense of the strong affection he felt for her: "When you have heard my story, Rosa," said he, "you will be able to judge of the strength of the regard which can induce me once more to enter into scenes which I once flew from with horror. My injuries, Rosa, will excite pity in your tender breast. I thank Heaven, the clouds which have so long obscured my prospects are now gradually dispersing—happiness may yet be mine, if blest with the confidence and affection of my Rosa!" He then proceeded to enter on the particulars of his life in the following words.—

"Affluence and pleasure attended my early years," said Reginald sighing. "The only male descendant of one of the noblest families in Naples, I was flattered and caressed wherever I went: indulged in every extravagant caprice by a doating father, whose liberality knew no bounds, I became vain and dissipated, and associated with men whose intriguing talents made me readily their dupe. My father saw his error too late; his remonstrances had little power to draw me from the alluring haunts of pleasure, or to counteract the insidious flattery which bewitched my senses, and deceived my understanding. I had one sister, amiable and attractive; her virtues and accomplishments won the admiration of many distinguished cavaliers;

but an unhappy perversion of judgment fixed her affection on one of my most intimate associates, named Julian de Zoresti. I was myself enamoured of his lovely sister, and in this double union of the families expected the utmost felicity. My father, influenced by some reports which had reached his ear, to the disadvantage of Zoresti, and not deeming him a proper match in point of rank, positively rejected all his overtures; and my sister, too duteous and gentle to disobey a parent's injunctions, gave her hand to a gentleman on whom my father had fixed his choice. The concern and disappointment which Julian expressed, wounded my friendship, and in a fit of love and enthusiasm, I espoused the beautiful Julia. This daring transgression of his darling son, at first afflicted my father severely; but fond partiality getting the better of his temporary resentment, he at length vouchsafed me his pardon and blessing. Nothing was now wanting to complete my happiness, but to see my sister's tranquility restored; but secret regret preyed on her cheek, and all the attentions of a generous and affectionate husband, were unable to eradicate the unhappy poison which had unfortunately taken such deep root in her heart. The birth of an infant son at length seemed to restore her to her wonted serenity; and the delightful occupation of rearing her tender charge, gave new strength to the energies of her mind, and even

rendered her husband more agreeable in her sight.

"The death of my father, the count St. Osbert which happened soon after, left me uncontrouled and independent. Influenced by the persuasions of my fascinating bride, I launched into every species of luxury, nor awakened to a sense of my own imprudence, till the dreadful discovery of my wife's infidelity shot through my brain like a thunderbolt, and hurled me from the pinnacle of imaginary felicity, into the deep abyss of despair. In short, Rosa! for I cannot be minute in relating this horrible transaction, I detected Julia in a correspondence with the base Zoresti. You have seen the infamous letters which passed between them, you may now form some idea of my distraction." "But, dear Sir," cried Rosa, "are you certain there was no mistake? Zoresti was Julia's brother." "It was all an imposition," returned Reginald; rage distorting every feature; "Julia was an abandoned woman, and Zoresti a needy sharper: no relationship subsisted between them. In the first paroxysm of my phrenzy, I mediated her destruction, but her situation withheld my vengeful arm, and for the sake of the unknown babe, I spared the mother. She, however, found means to apprize Julian of what had happened, and he effectually secreted himself from my fury. The unfortunate Adeline sunk beneath this shock; the gentle sensibility of her nature was unable

to endure the agonizing conflicts of her mind; and in addition to my other calamities, I had to bewail the loss of a sister whom my own indiscretion had hurried to a premature grave. For several months I wandered about in an unsettled state of mind, till one night, passing through an obscure street a vill in sprung from behind a portico, and plunged a poniard in my side: guilt and fear had unnerved his arm, for I grasped it vigorously, and drawing my sword, pierced him to the heart. He fell, uttering vindictive curses, and in my fallen foe I recognized the detested Zoresti.—"Thy wife will not thank thee for this," said he, malignantly, "but I hope her next messenger will be more successful." These were the last words he uttered, for the agonies of death succeeded, and I fled from the spot with disgust and horror. After the insinuation of Zoresti that Julia had conspired against my life, I could expect neither peace nor safety in Naples; I therefore returned home, packed up all my valuables, and without again beholding the infamous wretch who had caused all my misery, quitted my native home. Heedless what became of me. I travelled many miles, till fatigue and hunger overpowered my exhausted frame, and I was obliged to solicit shelter in a wood-cutter's hovel: the man was kind and hospitable, and I remained with the good Arnold several days. Listless and wretched, I shunned society, and to avoid the observation of the

rustics who came occasionally to the cottage, I every day rambled with him into the forest, whither his laborious occupation obliged him to repair. His cheerful manners and obliging assiduities, drew me by degrees from my sorrows; yet solitude was my only wish, and the discovery of this cave promised me a retreat I had for some time unceasingly wished for. I intimated my design to Arnold; he at first opposed it with earnestness, but finding nothing would dissuade me from my purpose, he at length began to consider my proposals with attention, and exerted himself to the utmost to render my retreat as commodious as circumstances would admit: some of the furniture was removed from the cottage, and I supplied him with money to replace it with better; but every accommodation which might have bordered on indulgence, I strenuously refused. I buried what money I possessed in a corner of the cave, and in a short time I grew so misanthropic, that the sight of man was hateful to me. Arnold, however, brought me intelligence that my wife had quitted the chateau, and fled, no one knew whither; that the Marquis Veronia, my sister's husband, had taken possession of my estates, in trust for me, and that he had caused me to be searched for throughout the city. All this interested me very little; there was no remaining tie to attach me to society, and I cared not what became of my worldly property, as it was not my inten-

tion ever again to claim it, or mix again in a world so full of deceit and ingratitude.

[To be continued.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Balance.

TRAITS OF LIFE.

"WERE it the law," said my uncle, "that every slanderer should lose his tongue, we should soon become a dumb people."—"I hope you don't think we should all forfeit our talking member," observed my aunt Prudy. "By no means," replied my uncle; "but the fear of losing it would restrain us from talking." "And so then you think, retorted my aunt, that a body can speak nothing but slander."—My uncle nodded assent.

"Three fourths of the daily chit-chat of the whole town is slander, d— me if it isn't," vociferated the corporal.

'There are people,' continued the corporal, 'who cannot even breathe, without slandering a neighbour.'—"You judge too severely," replied my aunt Prudy—"very few are slandered who do not deserve it."—"That may be," retorted the corporal;—"but I have heard very slighty things said of you."—The face of my aunt kindled with anger. 'Me!' exclaimed she—'Me!' slight things of me! what can any body say of me?' 'They

say,' answered the corporal gravely, and drawing his words to keep her in suspense—"that—that you *are no better than you should be.*" Fury flashed from the eyes of my aunt.—"Who are the wretches?" "I hope they slander no one that does not deserve it," remarked the corporal, jeeringly, as he left the room.

The feelings of my aunt may well be conceived.—She was sensibly injured. True, she had her foibles. She was peevish and fretful. But she was rigidly moral and virtuous. The purest ice was not more chaste. The pope himself could not boast more piety. Conscious of the correctness of her conduct, she was wounded at the remark of the corporal. Why should her neighbours slander her? She could not conjecture.

Let my aunt be consoled. She falls under the common lot of human nature. A person who can live in this world, without suffering slander, must be too stupid or insignificant to claim attention.

The corporal told me the other day, that he could compare slander to nothing but one of *Fulton's Torpedoes*. It is of the most destructive nature; and yet acts so secretly and underhandedly, that its object is taken unawares and blown into atoms in an instant. It gropes in the dark, and works by undiscovered springs; still its composition is so hellish and powerful, that no strength, no discretion can guard

against its effects. It is most gratified when its exploits bear upon great objects. The corporal would have proceeded, but the simile was too palpable to require further illustration.

THEATRICAL.

SINCE the commencement of the theatrical campaign this season, the "players have been well attended." The public have evinced an uncommon partiality to the new manager; who, on his part, has wrought most manfully to please his guests. The accommodations he offers, are commodious, and the entertainments generally served up in the master's presence. Shakesperian dishes are given in the most finished style; and so well indeed do many of the guests appear gratified with the first course, that they sometimes appear indifferent to the dessert, which, for the most part is handed in by the laughter-loving *Twaits*, attended by the chaste *Harwood*.

Perhaps it would be difficult to point out a season when the drama has had more fashionable votaries. From the gallant youth, who dashes through Broadway in his curricule and four, to the wealthy cit, who prides himself in the splendour of his retinue, each one seems anxious to pay his devoirs at the dramatic shrine.

The company is numerous and respectable. The merits of those

who compose it, are well known to the public, and justly appreciated.

The manager. Mr. Cooper, is certainly an actor of sterling merit. None but those whose judgment is subservient to their caprice, will aver that his talents are not of the first rate, and that he has not reached the apex of his profession. As well might they tell me that the writings of Salmagundi are the "shreds and patches" of a brain-sick lover instead of the genuine effusions of a mind rich in classic lore, as call in question Mr. C's. claim to original excellence; and yet, forsooth, there are those who have prated of his want of ability. Let the public look to it.

Mr. Green is a gentleman whom we well remember some ten years since, and who held a conspicuous situation in the company under the management of the late Mr. Wignell. He now plays second characters to Mr. Cooper.

Mr. Tyler needs no recommendation from us—the public know, and appreciate his merit, both in his public and private station.

Mr. Harwood, by the best informed, is pronounced a chaste performer. He has our credence to this opinion.

Mr. Twaits has every qualification to please the multitude—and none to displease any body. For, howbeit he may sometimes o'erstep the modesty of nature, 'tis in

the end a caricature, at which we cannot but smile. There are many of his performances, however, which partake not of the aforesaid quality.—His *Cosey*, in the Comedy of Town and Country, is well delineated.—We cannot say his dress is aptly chosen.

One gentleman there is, who, although he appears to possess no inconsiderable share of merit, yet such is our partiality, we had rather see the characters he represents, personated by a HOGG.

Mr. Robinson.—This young man, from the most humble walks in the drama, has risen to partake of its choicest parterres.

The ladies need no eulogium from us; the names of Darley and Villiers, are always a passport to public commendation.

X. Y.

THE SELECTOR.

No. 4.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

LIGHT is intended by our Maker for action, and darkness for rest. In the fourteenth century, the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning; at present a shop-keeper is scarce awake at seven. The king of France dined at eight in the morning, and retired to his bed-chamber at the same hour in the evening; an early hour at present for public amusements.

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The Spaniards adhere to ancient custom ; for manners and fashions seldom change where women are locked up. Their King, to this day, dines precisely at noon, and sups no less precisely at nine in the evening,

During the reign of Henry VIII. fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten. In Elizabeth's time, the nobility, gentry, and students, dined at eleven in the morning, and supped between five and six in the afternoon. In the reign of Charles II. four in the afternoon was the appointed hour for acting plays. At present, even dinner is at a later hour.

The king of Yeman, the greatest prince in Arabia Felix, dines at nine in the morning, sups at five in the afternoon, and goes to rest at eleven.

From this short specimen, it appears that the occupations of day-light commence gradually later and later ; as if there were a tendency, in polite nations, of converting night into day, and day into night.

LUXURY

THE indulging in down-beds, soft pillows, and easy seats, is a species of luxury ; because it tends to enervate the body, and to render it unfit for fatigue. Some young ladies employ an operator for paring their nails. Two young wo-

men, of high quality, who were sisters, employed a servant with soft hands, to raise them gently out of bed in a morning. Nothing less than all powerful vanity can make such persons submit to the fatigues even of a toilet.

DANGER.

FAMILIARITY with danger is necessary to eradicate our natural timidity : and so deeply rooted is that principle, that familiarity with danger of one sort, does not harden us, with respect to any other sort. A soldier, bold as a lion in the field is faint-hearted at sea, like a child ; and a seaman, who braves the winds and waves, trembles when mounted on a horse of spirit. Even in the midst of dangers and unforeseen accidents, courage does not, at present, superabound. Sedentary manufacturers, who are seldom in the way of harm, are remarkably pusillanimous. What would men be, then, in a state of universal peace, concord, and security ? They would rival a hare or a mouse in timidity. Farewell, upon that supposition, to courage, magnanimity, heroism, and to every passion that ennobles human nature !

DESPOTISM.

THE lawless cruelty of a King of Persia, is painted to the life by a single expression of a Persian grandee, " That every time he left the King's apartment, he was inclined to feel with his hand, whe-

ther his head was on his shoulders.'

THE following incident is a striking example of the violence of passion, indulged in a despotic government, where men in power are under no controul. Thomas Pereyra, a Portuguese general, having assisted the king of Pegu in a dangerous war with his neighbour of Siam, was a prime favourite at court, having elephants of state, and a guard of his own countrymen. One day coming from court, mounted on an elephant, and hearing music in a house where a marriage was celebrating between a daughter of the family and her lover, he went into the house, and desired to see the bride. The parents took the visit as a great honour, and cheerfully presented her. He was instantly smitten with her beauty, ordered his guards to seize her, and carry her to his palace. The bridegroom, as little able to bear the affront as to revenge it, cut his own throat.

IN Spain, when a man has the misfortune to possess a tree, remarkable for good fruit, he is required in the name of the king, or of a courtier, to preserve the fruit for their use.

THE blessings of ease and inaction, are most poetically displayed in the following description: "O happy Laplander," says Linnæus, "who, on the utmost verge of the habitable earth, thus livest obscure in rest, content, and innocence.

Thou fearest not the scanty crop, nor ravages of war; and those calamities, which waste whole provinces and towns, can never reach thy peaceful shores. Wrapt in thy covering of fur, thou canst securely sleep, a stranger to each tumultuous care, unenvying, and unenvied. Thou fearest no danger but from the thunder of heaven. Thy harmless days slide on in innocence, beyond the period of a century. Thy health is firm, and thy declining age is tranquil. Millions of diseases, which ravage the rest of the world, have never reached thy happy climate. Thou livest as the birds of the wood. Thou carest not to sow nor reap, for bounteous Providence has supplied thee in all thy wants." So eloquent a panegyrist upon Lapland life would make a capital figure upon an oyster. No creature is freer from want, no creature freer from war, and probably no creature is freer from fear; which, alas! is not the case of the Laplander.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

GAZE not, my friend, on Celia's eye,
Where thousand loves in ambush wait,
Now, while thou canst, the danger fly,
Nor dare, like me, to tempt thy fate.

Those charms I view'd in luckless hour,
Awe-struck, as Persians at the sun;
My bosom own'd their instant power,
I did but look, and was undone.

So through the air with winged force,
And deadly aim the bullet flies
Although unseen its trackless course,
The warrior feels it, and he dies.

*HISTORY OF BELISE.**(Concluded from P. 43.)*

"PRAY may I ask your sentiments," he continued, "on the conduct of those ladies who gratify their vanity at the expence of their lovers' peace—who, while positively engaged to one man, give a tacit encouragement to a hundred others, whose too favourable opinion may have put them in the way of being so fooled?"

I saw Belise bite her lips at this remark, which was evidently levelled at herself. She assented, however, to the observation, and with as admirable address as candour, added—"I not only agree with you, Sir, but were I myself in that situation, I mean, had I two lovers, and had determined in favour of one, the other would have but to ask my sentiments, and my acknowledged preference for his rival should put an end to his future hopes."

"Thank you, madam," said he, "I acknowledge your principle, and I now claim it. Will you be pleased to answer me a plain question?"

Belise, well knowing what was coming, blushed, but replied firmly, that she was ready to answer him. In short, she acknowledged her preference for Lysander. Acasto rallied his own ill luck with great good humour and wit; and Belise, with an inconsistency but too common among our sex, seem-

ed really disconcerted at the easy indifference with which her rejected lover bore his dismissal.

In a few weeks after this, Belise and Lysander were married. For some time, they realized the expectations that had been formed; and, as their good qualities deserved, enjoyed the highest portion of domestic felicity. Acasto continued to visit them, and nothing was talked of throughout the country, but the long friendship and steady harmony of the rivals—a friendship that held out against their clashing pretensions in the course of so long an address to the same woman. But this astonishment was soon dissipated, this mutual confidence soon destroyed, and all their domestic happiness, in one rash moment, and by one foible, equally in the character of Lysander and his wife, lost for ever.

Lysander, with all that manly firmness and constancy of mind which constitute a marked character, had but one foible—that of a warm and impetuous temper. In spite of the curbing restraints of his stronger reason, this heat would at times break forth; and if inflamed by the least opposition, rage with a fury that left all decorum far behind—a cast of mind very common; and as to its effects on the happiness of ourselves, and others, more truly pernicious than any passion whatsoever. Every other vice is attended by some temptation; something is gained, or at least proposed to be gained,

and the consciousness of criminality is assuaged by the reflection that if something is lost in peace, something is acquired in profit. But the passionate man is vicious only to his own cost ; he works industriously the misery of himself, and those around him, and his sacrifice of self-esteem is not compensated by any returning advantages.— This foible of her husband was truly painful to Belise, as the long indulgence of her parents had formed her mind to more than common sensibility. She herself, however, was not without a foible, of equal danger to her own and her husband's peace. This was a kind of haughtiness of mind, which, when supported by consciousness of right, disdained to yield, and paid too little regard to the opinions of others. To this was added a lively and unrestrained resentment of any treatment she imagined unjust. In these foibles the source of their subsequent misfortune was found.

Acasto, as I have said, continued to visit at their house, and Lysander admitted him with his usual confidence. In giving the character of Acasto, I have described him rather as a coxcomb, than as having any thing mischevius in his designs. He had a levity, however, which is frequently as dangerous as vice, and not unusually leads into it. His love for Belise was not diminished, either by her marriage or her cruelty ; and though he carefully concealed it from others, and even endeavoured

to hide it from himself, the flame yet lived, wanting only opportunity to burst forth, and burn with stronger vigour than ever.

The openness of Belise, and a certain playfulness in her temper, which made her addicted to raillery, and therefore easily pardoning it, unfortunately encouraged these imprudent sentiments in Acasto ; and he found himself daily more confirmed in his dishonourable passion. He struggled for some time with his principles, which, though not naturally vicious, were yet too weak to maintain the contest ; and in a kind of despair of his own virtue, he surrendered himself up to the sweet delusion.

Lysander, though not addicted to jealousy, was yet a little displeased with some symptoms he perceived in his friend. His suspicions did not rest here, but were soon increased by a trifling incident.

Belise was fond of plays, and this humour would often lead her to declaim and act a favourite part with Acasto. It happened one day that Acasto, according to some passage he was performing, had thrown himself on his knees before Belise, when the door on a sudden opened, and her husband entered. Acasto in great confusion endeavoured to rise ; and as the situation had some awkwardness, Belise blushed as she explained it. Lysander said not a word, but left the room. Belise was irritated by

this unjust suspicion ; and in subservience to that fatal foible, that pride of mind I have mentioned before, disdained submitting to explain, where she was conscious there was nothing to defend.

Lysander, as is customary with men of his passionate cast, construed this haughtiness of his wife into disgust of himself, and disdained with equal pride, to seek that conviction which was not voluntarily offered. Thus was their mutual happiness sacrificed to a false pride and a mistaken delicacy : each considered it a point of honour not to be the first in submission.

Acasto still continued his visits, and both husband and wife, from the same stubborn principle, still continued to receive them as before. From this time, however, a coolness arose between the couple, and terminated shortly in that sure forerunner of wedded misery—separate tables and beds. The maid, who was immediately attendant on the person of Belise, was a French girl, and had all that spirit and zest of intrigue which distinguish that kind of creature. She soon penetrated into the love of Acasto, and the groundless jealousy of her master : and when she had made the discovery, she determined to turn it to account. For this purpose she would contrive to meet Acasto, and beginning an artful conversation with him, endeavoured to make him believe that the indifference of Belise was but pretended, and that she was more fa-

vourable to him than he imagined : moreover, that the change in her husband's conduct towards her had worked some change in his favour. The girl, however, with an admirable artifice, had taken care not to ruin her part by overacting it ; and in what she reported as having seen, or heard from her mistress, had said nothing which could appear too contradictory to the known modesty of her lady. This gave her words a degree of credit, which the common sense of Acasto would otherwise have refused them ; and his ardent love rendered the deception the more easy, as it was thus made the more pleasing. In short, he suffered the girl to persuade him to write to his mistress, and she herself undertook to deliver the letter.

Having written a billet, he put it into the hands of this confidante, and accompanying it with a purse, entreated her to execute the commission with care and secrecy. The girl promised every thing, and departed. She had scarcely left him, when he remembered, in his perturbation, that he had forgotten to seal his letter. This, however, gave him little concern at the time ; but you will soon see that this trifling circumstance was of more serious consequence than the letter itself—it confirmed a suspicion into a belief.

The girl had no sooner departed with the letter, and undertaken to deliver it, than she began considering with herself how she could

best execute her trust. Something was necessary to be done ; she had received one large bribe already, and expected to receive many more. She was too well persuaded of the virtue of her mistress to attempt at once delivering it into her hands ; not but that she entertained hopes that the love and merit of Acasto might at length soften this rigid virtue, and render her services, at some future time, as acceptable to Belise herself as they were to her lover.

Being wrapt in these thoughts, she had entered the house, and passed on to her mistress's room. An open drawer on her lady's dressing table happened to catch her eyes : at that moment she heard a step, and in mere despair of any other expedient, she threw the letter into the drawer, where it could not fail to meet the attention of her lady. She had not, however, the confidence to wait the effect of her scheme but hurried out of the room. At the same moment her mistress entered ; she was preparing for a morning visit, and happened to go to another table, and in the hurry of preparation, and her carriage waiting, she did not discover the billet.

Lysander happened at this time to be writing some letters in the next chamber, when, wanting a seal, and not having his own at hand, he stepped into Belise's room to seek her's. Going up to the dressing-table, his eye caught the open letter ; he seized it with great

agitation, and hastily retired to his own room. Here he locked the door, and tore open the letter. Its contents were as follows :

TO BELISE.

“ And are you then at last, my Belise, less insensible to my love ? Have I at length touched your heart, and will my passion be rewarded by your pity ? Will you add one greater proof ? I cannot see you at the house of Lysander. Need I give any further explanation ? Your's. “ ACASTO.”

Lysander, blinded with jealousy, was now confirmed in his suspicions. They were still more increased by the accident I have mentioned : Acasto had forgotten to seal his letter, and his messenger had gratified her curiosity by reading it. She was employed, indeed, in this, when, hearing the step of her mistress, she had thrown it into the open drawer.

Lysander knew that his wife had but that moment left the room, and that no one but himself had since entered it. This unhappy concurrence of circumstances put the matter beyond doubt. His wife, therefore, had seen the letter—the letter itself acknowledged some prior favour, and with a confidence that could only arise from the most liberal encouragement, requested an appointment. Lysander was convinced.

At this instant a sudden thought struck him. He remembered that

his wife was gone to pay a visit ; this corresponded, he thought, with the request in the note. He had no room for doubt—his jealousy was blown into a flame. He loaded his pistols, mounted his horse, and took the road to Acasto's house.

In the mean time Belise was proceeding to pay the visit I have mentioned. It happened by one of those unfortunate accidents, which almost confirm us in the belief of fate, and a certain and necessary destiny, that Belise was actually on her way to visit the sister of her lover.

Belise was not ignorant of her husband's jealousy, and her friends had often remonstrated with her, and amongst them myself, against an intimacy with Acasto's sister in the present complexion of affairs. But her unhappy foible, the pride of innocence, made her disdain all appearance of concession, and rather increased the frequency of her visits to this lady. She defied all censure, from an assurance of its groundlessness ; and being supported by a conscious innocence, would stoop to no submission. She was now, therefore, in the very house of Acasto, and her carriage remaining at the door.

Lysander, who had pushed his horse to its full, goaded on by jealousy and revenge, arrived at the avenue leading to the house the moment Belise, in her carriage, stopped at the gate. He saw Acasto come to the door, take

her hand, and conduct her within. This was enough. He perceived a lad at a distance, whom he beckoned to him, and dispatched with a message to Acasto. It was—“ That a strange gentleman desired to see him on business of importance.”

Acasto, surprised at this singular message, came, directed by the boy, to the entrance of the avenue. Lysander, in the fury of his passion, immediately, collared him, and presenting a pistol in one hand, held the fatal billet. He then retreated a few paces, and levelling his pistol, fired it, desiring Acasto to do the same. The shot wounded his rival, who, irritated by pain, discharged his own pistol. The ball entered the heart of Lysander, who fell dead upon the spot !

In the meantime, the affrighted lad who had conducted Acasto, seeing the violence of the gentleman, had fled to the house, and spread the alarm. The sister of Acasto, hearing that the stranger, for the lad knew not Lysander by any other name, had presented a pistol at her brother, hurried to the place in great terror, followed by Belise, who was yet ignorant of the dreadful event. They arrived the moment Lysander fell ; and Belise in that moment recognised her husband, and sprang forward instinctively. Belise, too confounded to comprehend the extent of her misfortune, attempted to raise him up, but found that he was

dead ! She gave a shriek of madness and horror, and fell senseless beside him !

Endeavour now to present to your mind the horrid scene ! The sister of Acasto stanching the blood which flowed from her brother's wound....Lysander dead, and his wife to all appearance so, beside him....the pistols lying in the road, and a whole parish, for the people were fast collecting, surrounding the spot !

I will here conclude my history. I will only add, that Belise remained for some years in a state of perfect insensibility, almost approaching to idiotism. Her senses, however, were at length providentially restored ; but as they brought her to the full perception of her misfortune, I have sometimes thought the loss of them would have been more tolerable. She still retains her grief, and will often wholly exclude herself from society, and spend the day in tears. Acasto likewise felt sensibly his misfortune in having murdered his friend by his own hand ; and, to dissipate his grief, and give time for the story to die away, he fled to the continent. He is now a sincere penitent, and has lately returned ; but his former gay spirits are lost, and he sometimes experiences the distraction of a mind wholly possessed by melancholly.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. James J. Le Tourneur, of the isle of France, to Miss Thankful B. Davis, of this city.

At Pisa, in Italy, on the 18th of August, by the rev. Dr. Hall, capt. John B. Lasher, of New-York, to Miss Sally Banks, of New-Hurly.

DIED,

On Saturday evening last, of a lingering illness, Miss Lavinia B. Avery, daughter of the late John Avery, of this city.

On Tuesday morning, James Constable, Esq. of Schenectady, formerly of this city.

On Friday morning, 13th instant, Miss Jane Dawson, in her 20th year, after a tedious illness.

Subscriptions to this paper are received by Mr. G. F. Hopkins, 118 Pearl-street ; Mr. E. Sargent, 39 Wall-street, Mr. P. Burtsell, 10 Wall-street, ; Mr. M. Ward, 149 Pearl-street ; Mr. Robert M'Dermut, 248 Pearl-street ; and by the publisher 299 Broadway.

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum....payable one in advance.

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

POETRY.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

PICTURE OF LIFE.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 48.)

How many more such scenes of deep
distress,
Could my too faithful memory relate.
But ah ! let not the muse attempt the
task,
To tell the blackened guilt and crimes
of man.
Oh, 'twere a tale life ends too soon to
tell.
Here would I stop, and view the scene
no more ;
Yet can I not pass by the poet's fate,
Without a friendly tribute to his worth.
In garret high remote he liv'd,
And by his pen procur'd each scanty
meal;
But still tho' blest he was with heaven's
own fire,
And sung in strains sublime—how soon
alas !
He wanted for a patron's kindly aid,
Who, dying, left him friendless and for-
lorn.
Two years in gloomy wretchedness he
liv'd,
With scarce enough to cherish lingering
life.
One morn I call'd to see the luckless
wight,
T'assuage his grief, and cheer his droop-
ing mind.
But what a scene of misery I view'd.
A solemn silence reign'd throughout the
place,
The window's broke, where every storm
Pour'd, unrestrain'd, its utmost fury
through.
Close in a corner the unhappy bard,
Outstretch'd upon a wretched pallet lay,
Nor friend to watch his bed nor close
his eyes.

The sight of me brought forth a flood
of tears ;

My heart was mov'd—I wept— and
thus he spoke :

“ Alas ! my friend, thou art the first
whose feet,
Have for two days my lonely garret trod .
All human help is vain. Life's purple
flood

Is ebbing fast, and soon will cease to flow.
Ah ! 'tis the poet's best reward on earth
For all his toil, to starve and die un-
known.

Why was I born to such sad scenes as
these.

The cold neglect of men has pierc'd my
soul.

E'en hope has fled, and left me here
To poverty a prey—To mourn my fate
And curse my natal hour.

Oh how I long to find my last repose.
When will the moment come that brings
me rest.

My life has been a tissue of such woes,
'Twould soft-eyed pity melt to hear the
tale.

But all is o'er—soon shall I rest in peace
Free from the storms of life—”

He could no more—his quivering lips
bespoke

The quick approach of death, his wel-
come friend.

I in my arms uprais'd his drooping form,
He grasp'd my hand, and with a sigh
expir'd.

H L.

Who seeks to please all men, each way,
And not himself offend ;

He must begin his work to day,
But heaven knows when he'll end.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH,
No. 299 Broadway,